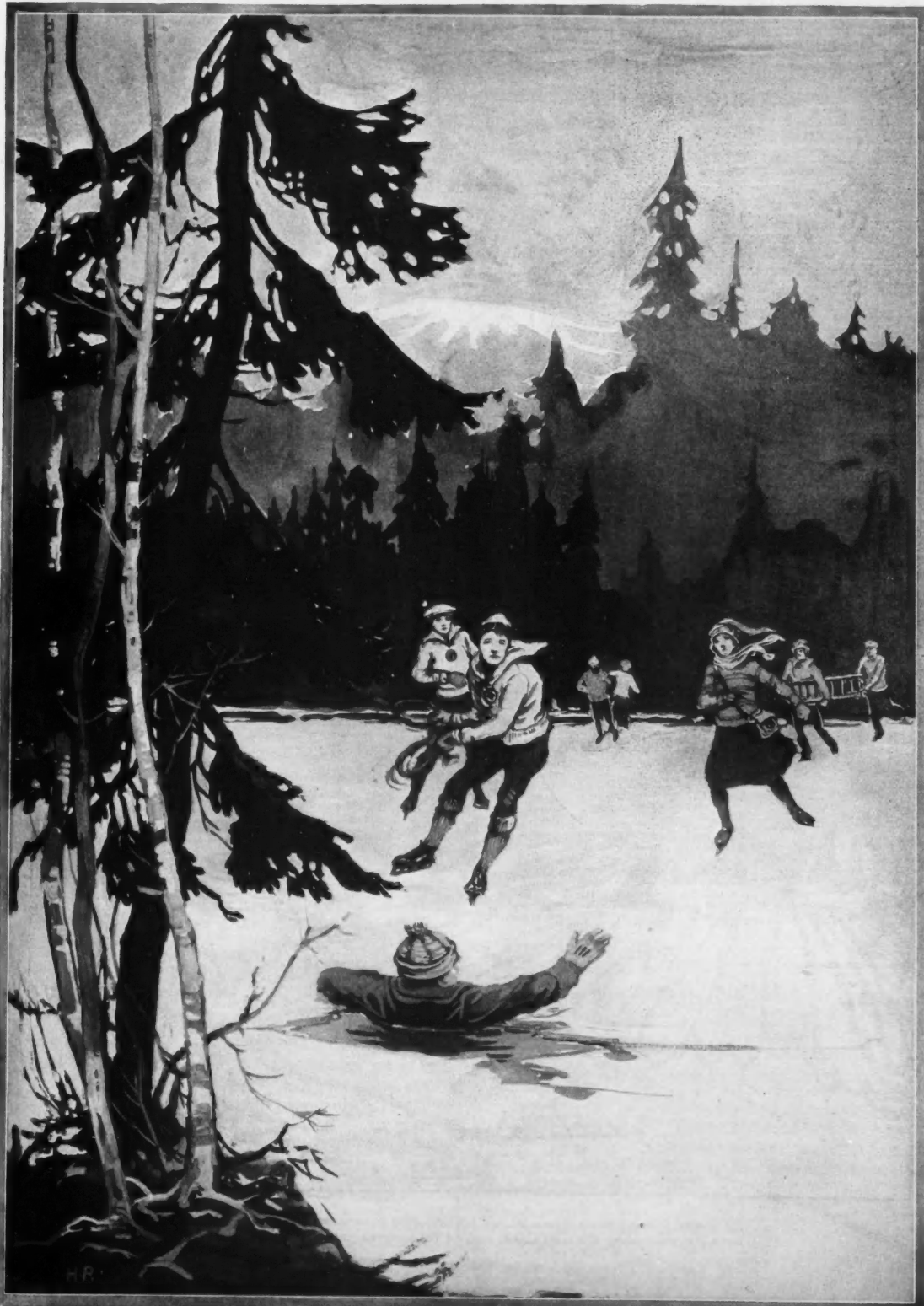


*American*

# JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

*February 1925*

*"I Serve"*





Ice skating is now popular in some places, but swimming is just as popular in Hawaii, southern California, along the Gulf Coast, and on the lower peninsula of Florida—Page 95

Henry Fitz

# Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

## The Teacher's Page

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

### DEVELOPING CALENDAR ACTIVITIES

#### Posture

**A**MONG Fit for Service suggestions sent out by the Southern Division of the Junior Red Cross, the following posture relay game is given: "Children choose sides and line up at the front of the room. Each line is given a book, which is placed at the foot of the leader. At the signal to start, he picks up the book, places it on his head, walks to the back of the room, touches the wall, returns to the starting point and places the book on the floor. If the book falls from his head he must stop and stand until he has adjusted it firmly on his head before proceeding on his way. When the first one finishes his course, the second child immediately follows. The line which finishes first wins. Each child should be graded by marks off for each time he drops the book."

In the February story-letter to children, sent by the Red Cross Public Health Nursing Service to rural schools, an interesting connection is suggested, between the emphasis on Posture in the *Calendar* and a study of Service Heroes. The children about whom these interesting letters tell "decided to present living pictures of pioneers. Each one was to choose who he should be, find a picture of his pioneer and then borrow or make clothes such as he or she wore. And to make their program still more interesting to their guests, each child wrote a short historical sketch of his pioneer which the class president read as the 'pioneer' appeared in the frame. Finally, each child wrote an essay on Good Carriage and its relation to strength, and by vote chose the best one as the concluding feature of the program." When assigning the necessary corrective exercises, it is a good thing to remember that a consciousness of performing service of worth to others is one of the most powerful incentives in straightening up drooping shoulders and listlessly hanging heads.

#### Building the Service Roll

**T**HE following item from the *Journal of Educational Method*, October, 1924, suggests a new idea for reports on Service Heroes: "The United States Post Office has prepared a series of accounts of heroic acts by employees of the Department that deserves a wide use in the schools. Among the incidents recorded, those taking place in the outlying districts are most stirring. In the cities, storms are disagreeable enough, but in the sparsely settled country districts they try men's souls to the limit. Even the dwellers on islands in the Great Lakes must be reached, though ice and blizzard intervene. Peace indeed 'hath its victories.'"

The *Teachers' College Record*, December, 1924 (Bureau of Publications, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City), publishes a valuable study about the use of biography in a class of young children of exceptional ability. Although the study applies chiefly to the gifted child, it holds suggestions for guid-

ing reading and for sources of material which the teacher may adapt for her own "average" pupils. Unfortunately, many of the available biographies are not suited to children under fourteen and fifteen years of age. Among the people whom this selected class of children found it interesting to report on were: Carnegie, Samuel Clemens (*Autobiography of Mark Twain*, edited by Albert Bigelow Paine), Edward Bok (*The Americanization of Edward Bok*), Robert Fulton, William Penn, Washington Irving, Samuel Morse, Louis Pasteur (*Pasteur and after Pasteur*), Benjamin Franklin, Theodore Roosevelt, De Witt Clinton, George Bessemer, Luther Burbank, Pierre Curie, Thomas Jefferson, George Westinghouse, Daniel Boone, Horace Mann, Alexander Graham Bell, John Audubon, Eugene Field, Horace Greeley, William Marconi, Booker T. Washington (*Up from Slavery*).

Famous men whose birthdays occur in February are: Charles Dickens, James Russell Lowell, Felix Mendelssohn, George Handel, Henry W. Longfellow, St. Valentine, Abraham Lincoln, and George Washington.

Some books of possible use are *Masters of Science and Invention* and *Science Remaking the World*. A new popular Lincoln story was printed in the *Ladies Home Journal* for October, 1924—*Passing the Torch*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

In the *Journal of the National Education Association*, January, 1925, there is a page of photographs and brief sketches of women who have performed outstanding services. The list includes: Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Clara Barton, Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Livermore, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary Lyon, Anna Howard Shaw, Belva A. Lockwood, and Ella Flagg Young. Names of others which suggest themselves are Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Louisa Alcott, Helen Keller (*Story of My Life*), Rosa Bonheur, Lillian Nordica, Nellie Melba, Madame Schuman Heink, Alma Gluck, Marie Curie, and Jane Addams (*Forty Years at Hull House*).

#### Winter Colds

**J**UNIORS of intermediate grades and higher will chuckle with you over the earnest spirit of service among the Third Graders, in a jolly story, *One Uses the Handkerchief*, by Mrs. Elinor Cowan Stone, in the *Woman's Home Companion* for November, 1924.

#### Better Speech Year

**T**HE National Council of English Teachers has set February 22-28 as "Better Speech Week." A new pamphlet designed to promote Better Speech activities throughout the year is called *Better Speech Year*, and is published by the Council for 35 cents (506 West 69th Street, Chicago). The standard help for programs during the week is the *Guide to American Speech Week*, also published by the Council.

## THE FEBRUARY NEWS IN THE SCHOOL

### Nature Study

**J**OHN BURROUGH'S poem, *The Crow*, in *Bird and Bough*, will make a good follow-up of the nature article for last month, and will connect with the story told this month of selfish destruction of bird and animal life. The most important question to ask is: *What are we, as Juniors, going to do about it?* Let the pupils list the factors which bring about extinction, as given in this article, adding to the list, if they can, and plan a protective campaign.

Bird study can be made one of the finest exercises in accurate observation and report. Very small children may begin practice in identification through such a book as *Bird Children*, by Elizabeth Gordon (P. F. Volland and Co., Chicago). For older children the standard pocket guides are most useful.

If the teacher cares to lead a class deeper into science, she will find help in *Extinct Animals*, by E. Ray Lankester, Henry Holt and Co. Is a Museum of Natural History accessible for a visit?

### Our Cosmopolitan Dolls

**I**F SOME boy in your class is still unconvinced about the dignity of dolls, you might ask him to look up, through the Reader's Guide, articles about the Queen's Doll House, and to tell the class something about the famous people who have co-operated in producing this tiny model of contemporary art and convenience.

Is some capable Junior keeping a record of the articles in the *News* that will be useful in dressing costume dolls for their own school museum? Kossuth is worthy of inclusion among heroes of service. The account of his speech in our country will interest children in reading about his visit here and in studying or hearing about his life.

### Geography Up-to-date

**A**CIVICS class might hold a Danzig election and compare the government of the Free City with our own.

In their use of reference books, have your youngsters learned to use a Bible Concordance and Dictionary?

Hunting some of the Biblical references to places named in the Syrian letters may serve to decrease illiteracy in Biblical literature.

**Danzig, p. 89;**  
**Syria, p. 91;**  
**South Africa, p. 94.**

Children will perhaps be interested to learn, in addition to the facts given in the excerpts from the South African portfolio, that the word *boer* is the Dutch word for farmer. The South African Dutch have no distinctive costumes as some of the Hollanders have, but dress as we do. Their contemporary heroes of service include General Smuts and Dr. W. J. Viljoen, both of whom were born on South African farms.

### Benjamin Franklin, Continued

**P**ERHAPS your pupils will wish to follow Franklin's example, by keeping experimental weather charts for a little while. They may also wish to report

**Posing for His Shadow Picture, p. 90.**

on Franklin's services in organizing the first police force and fire department, starting systems of street lighting and cleaning, beginning free circulating libraries, inventing rockers for his easy chair, and contriving the "Franklin stove."

### Fitness for Service

**T**HE "persons" of the health drama all speak "in character." Mr. Cabbage is willing to be eaten by slugs, Mr. Beetroot blushes, and Mr. Onion peels with wrath. Several Juniors may squirm, but every one will surely begin to plan a garden at once, since vegetables are such a social lot, in spite of their pride in family trees. Catherine Lewis's drawings could make us love to eat almost anything!

The history of games has already been suggested as a subject for reports. Here is a chance to introduce the study of art through a discussion of athletics! Too often sculpture is made a dry catalogue of gods and goddesses with difficult names.

Athletes victorious in Greek games were allowed to have statues. Only those who won three times in succession might have their own features commemorated; in other cases the figures were conventional, lacking personal individuality. Hence, many statues of the gods are really "victor" statues. Besides

**"Quoit," p. 93.**

the figure pictured in the *News*, are the Standing Discobolus, the Praying Boy (hands lifted to invoke victory in his contest), the Girl Runner, various wrestlers, boxers, racers, charioteers, etc., not only in statues, but on vases and in bas relief. The Thorn Puller is said to be a statue of a runner. Can your Juniors find pictures of athlete statues, in history books, art catalogues, or books on Greek culture? Is there an Art Gallery they can visit? Can they get some local artist to talk to them on the subject?

The motion statues are most interesting. Ask the class what instant in the discus hurl the sculptor has chosen for his statue. What position would they choose for a statue of a basket-ball player, a racer, a hurdler? Can some "star" pose for them? Can you help them to find beauty in their games as well as fun, thrill, and vocal exercise?

One writer summarizes the Greek ideal of bodily development, at its best, as follows: "When the gymnasium was the daily resort of the whole male population, all distinctions of rank and wealth were forgotten, and he who was the most beautiful was acknowledged superior, whatever might be his social position." But "when Greece was in her decline and athletes became professional there ensued . . . a general deterioration . . . and athletics gradually ceased to be an important moral factor in the education of youth." (*Greek Sculpture with Story and Song*, Wherry.) Has this any application to the debate on the relative values of competitive athletics and the general physical up-building of all?

The Greek ideal of beauty and symmetry included mind as well as body. In the ideal of *Fitness for Service*, do we hope to go still further? Children are young enough to understand this part of the discussion; for usually they find most beautiful those who most inspire them with respect and love.

# THE LESSON OF THE WILD PIGEON

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

MAN has always been wasteful, cruelly wasteful with respect to animal and plant life, and history goes to show that our country has formed no exception to the rule. Apart from wastefulness in the matter of our forests and flora, we have actually exterminated many of our most interesting and valuable animals, from fish to mammals, inclusive. Where but a few of any one kind of animal have been saved from general destruction, these are ever in danger of passing away as did hosts of their kind before them. To be sure, such a fate could hardly have been avoided in the case of many of the larger mammals—we have but to remember that immense herds of buffalo and antelope once ranged over the prairie lands, which now constitute the middle West, and some parts of the eastern United States. This is likewise true of certain species of birds; they, too, disappeared in a brief space of time, being now represented, in rare instances, by a very few survivors. Game birds were especially the victims of our wastefulness and utter lack of foresight; where wild turkey, water-fowl, and many other kinds once existed in untold thousands, there is now practically none to be seen.

Much of this has come under my personal observation during the last half century, and at this writing, birds that I saw in my boyhood in vast numbers are utterly extinct; have been extinct for many years in some cases. It must be remembered that when any species is entirely wiped out in this world, that is the last of it; in no instance can it ever be reproduced.

Take our pronghorn antelope as an illustration. This animal once occurred in certain parts of the West in herds numbering many thousands; but now they are going fast; in fact, they are almost all gone, as this animal soon perishes if confined to a zoological garden or on private preserves. Years ago, when I was hunting on the Laramie plains, I thought no more of shooting an antelope than a cotton-tail rabbit. All this applies, with equal truth, to buffalo, to elk, various kinds of deer, the mountain lion, the sage cock, prairie hen, and a host of other mammals and birds.

With the above for a background, let us ascertain how birds fared in this eliminating process to which we subjected them, taking the destruction of the lovely *wild passenger pigeon* as a most fitting example. This large and beautiful species once existed in flocks numbering several millions; while now there is not a single living representative of it in any part of the known world. Through the use of nets, traps, and all sorts of firearms, including cannon, that splendid bird has been wiped off the face of the earth. Hundreds of accounts of how they perished have been published during the past few years, yet no end of people in this country, especially children, are entirely ignorant of the history of this most shameless outrage that man has ever been guilty of.

Early in the seventies I lived in a southern part of New England, at a time when the vast and memorable flight of wild pigeons took place in that section of the country. I observed this flight at a point about six miles north of the village of Stamford, Connecticut, where low, rolling hills and intervening valleys occur. Selecting a favorable stand on one of these hills where several large oaks grew, I found myself directly in line where the biggest flocks were passing. My fowling piece was an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading, ten-gauge shotgun, and I had abundant ammunition for it with me. Between the hours of 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. I stood there, and during all that time—in fact, almost until dark—immense flocks of these

birds kept passing, the direction being from east to west. Gunners were stationed on all the hills in the neighborhood, and the firing reminded me of some that I heard during the Civil War.

Some of the great flocks passed me not a few feet above the ground, and so fearful was I of being swept off my feet that I had to stand behind a tree until the "blue army" had passed. I shot some seventy or eighty birds, but I only recovered about



*The last wild passenger pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens a few years ago*

fifty of them, as I stood near a swamp into which some of my birds fell. When my powder gave out, and I went to get my pigeons, I found that the muskrats had made away with most of them. Had I made good skins of those fifty birds, they would now have netted me between two and three thousand dollars; as it was, we had one pot-pie of the lot I brought home.

Of course the markets were overstocked with blue pigeons next day; they sold for fifty or sixty cents a pair, which people thought was an exorbitant price. However this may be, before long half a dozen birds could be bought for the paltry sum of seventy-five cents, which barely paid for the time and the ammunition.

For some time a dozen or so of the passenger pigeons were kept at the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden; but one after another of them died, until the last bird expired a few years ago, when, much to my surprise, it was sent to me, through the United States National Museum, to do what I could with it by way of completing its history as an *extinct species*. I fully availed myself of this unexpected honor, and in one publication or another I published figures and articles based on my exhaustive examination of the specimen. My first step was to take the bird to the late Mr. Smillie, the eminent photographer of the United States National Museum, who made, under my direction, three or four negatives of it, natural size, giving anterior, posterior, and lateral views. Next, the late Mr. William Palmer, of the Museum, brought the specimen to my study; and while he prepared a skin of it, I photographed it at various stages, thus securing some of its superficial anatomy. After that, the skeleton was most carefully preserved, and I published a detailed account of it somewhere. Still later, another paper of mine gave cuts which were reproductions of the principal figures of the bird, illustrating all previous descriptions of the pigeon, down to the ones I had made of it. This appeared in the *Scientific Monthly*, bringing my accounts of the extinct passenger pigeon up to a dozen or more.

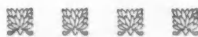
After a while reports began to come to me that the bird had been rediscovered in southern Texas, in northern Mexico, and adjacent areas; but I at once announced that they were other species of wild pigeons, as the

band-tailed one and so on. Even our common mourning dove had been mistaken for the true passenger pigeon by some of my correspondents!

Collectors for museums have, as a class, been instrumental in effecting the extermination of many animal forms as they became rare. A mammal, or a bird, will suddenly become very rare and evidently on the high-road to extinction, when those collecting for museums—in some instances members of the museum staffs—quickly appreciate the fact. One and all then make strenuous efforts to secure such specimens for their respective museums, and to this end they offer high prices for them, or send collectors to where the species is found—indeed, they make every possible effort to obtain such material. This can end but in one way and often very promptly—the killing off of the few remaining examples in nature of the species. This practice is still in active and universal operation, and as a consequence, rare animals, such as spiders, insects, fish, reptiles, birds, batrachians, and mammals—that is, mammals below man—are being exterminated with greater or less rapidity. As I stated earlier in this article, when any species becomes entirely extinct, it can *never* be reproduced.

All this can have but one ending: the day must come when many forms, from the smallest insects to the biggest mammals, will have been exterminated. Examples will be found in museums for varying lengths of time—from a few years to several centuries. Some well-preserved specimens in old museums in Europe are centuries old. However, museums burn up with all their collections; ruthless armies destroy the contents of museums in times of war; gradual decay and insect pests will work to a similar end, and in this way specimens of our extinct forms will forever pass. Libraries also disappear in time; and some day, in the distant future, people will be absolutely ignorant of what the present-day fauna looked like—in fact, quite as ignorant as we are of the size and appearance of many animal forms of earlier geologic times.

Our wild pigeon, then, is in no way unique in the matter of the history of animal extinction. The extermination of animal forms will go on until man realizes what he can do to prevent it.



## Chicago as It Looked One Winter Morning

FRANCIS W. PARKER SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE sparkling snow covered the city in a mantle of white. It even clung to the tiniest twigs of the trees and bent the branches under its weight. As I looked down a street with its border of trees, whose branches were trimmed in white and nearly met above me, it made me think of a fairyland.

The houses, with beautiful frosted windows and gleaming icicles hanging from whitened roofs, seemed transformed from plain, gray houses into the castles of ice fairies.

What a change from the dirty, gray city of the day before!

# MIDNIGHT IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN\*

Characters: The Potato, the Cabbage, the Carrot, the Beetroot, the Onion.

Mary, a little girl about 10, in nightdress.

John, a little boy about 8, in pajamas.

The scene represents a vegetable garden at midnight. Faint blue light to imitate moonlight. Children, dressed to represent the vegetables, are crouching on the ground as the curtain goes up.

POTATO (rising): Thank heaven, those noisy little sparrows have stopped twittering at last and have gone to sleep. Now we can have a little quiet conversation.

CABBAGE (rising): You may call them noisy if you like, but for my part, I think life would be very dull without the sparrows. It is they who bring us all the gossip from the big world around us, and how should we know what was going on if they did not come to tell us?

CARROT (rising): Yes, Brother Cabbage, I quite agree with you, though the news they bring is sometimes disquieting. Today they told me something which made me pale with apprehension.

POTATO and CABBAGE (together): What did they tell you?

CARROT (sighing deeply): Alas! they reported to me that the children, at lunch-time, refused to eat the vegetables which were served for them.

VOICE from the Beetroot patch: Refused to eat vegetables!

VOICE from the Onion patch: Refused to eat vegetables!

CARROT (turning): Ah! so you are there, Brother Beetroot, and, you, too, Brother Onion.

BEETROOT (rising and bowing): Yes, I am here and I blush to hear what you say.

ONION (rising): It almost makes me peel with wrath. Refuse to eat us, indeed, and what do they think we are here for?

POTATO: We grow with so much care and trouble, in order to make the children strong and healthy and now they refuse to eat us.

CABBAGE (sighing): Must I rot in the ground? It would cut me to the heart. Rather would I let the slugs eat me.

CARROT: Listen, I have a plan. (All the vegetables crowd around him to listen.) Everything is now quiet in the house and the children must be asleep. Two or three of us will creep up to the nursery — the



*"They bring us all the gossip from the big world"*

moon will show us the way—and steal Mary and John and bring them down here to the vegetable garden.

POTATO (opening his eyes wide): But what should we do with them down here?

CARROT (severely): Don't interrupt! Here in this quiet corner of the garden we will talk to them about ourselves and will explain why it is we grow. Perhaps then they won't refuse to eat us.

BEETROOT: What a lovely plan! I will go and fetch the children.

ALL THE VEGETABLES: And I! Let me go!

CARROT (scratching his side): We can't all go. Supposing we send the Beetroot because he's bold, and the Potato because he's strong. The rest of us will stay here and keep watch until they return with the children.

BEETROOT (delighted): Come along, Potato, can't you move any quicker than that?

POTATO (going off with Beetroot): Softly, softly, whatever we do we mustn't wake those twittering sparrows.

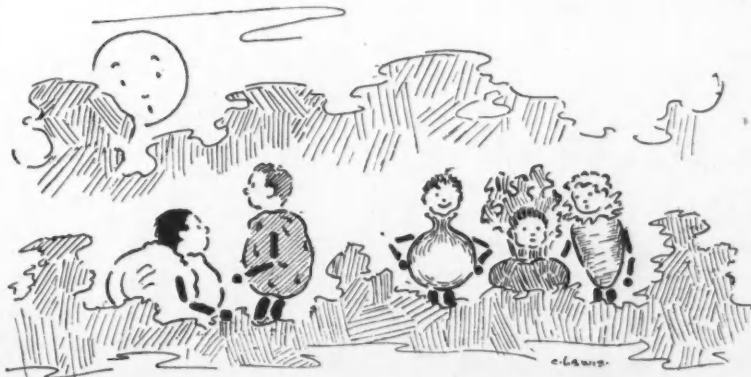
(Interval of their absence is filled in by the remaining vegetables singing a song. Any simple song can be adapted for the occasion.)

CARROT: Hist! I hear a sound. Can they be returning already?

ONION: It was only the woodpecker calling to his mate.

CABBAGE: No, no, I hear the children's foot-falls on the path. They are coming! They are coming!

(Beetroot and Potato enter, one on each side of the



*"They reported that the children refused to eat the vegetables"*

\* Reprinted from the Supplement of Information Circular, League of Red Cross Societies, April, 1923.

two children, who are in their nightclothes, sleepily rubbing their eyes.)

BEETROOT (triumphantly): Here are Mary and John. We crept in through the open window and found them asleep in bed. I just whispered to them to follow us and they came.

POTATO: The dog moved in his kennel as we came by and gave me such a fright; I feel quite breathless.



"Look, Johnny, this is the vegetable garden. And all the vegetables are alive"

MARY: Why, look, Johnny, this is the vegetable garden. And all the vegetables are alive. How funny!

JOHN (pulling her sleeve): We'd better be polite; they mayn't like us.

BOTH CHILDREN (advancing hand in hand): Good evening, vegetables; a very pleasant night, isn't it?

ONION (aside): Ha! Ha! You're polite enough now, but what about lunchtime?

CARROT (severely): Brother Onion, you're forgetting your manners. (To the children:) Children, we are very glad to welcome you to the vegetable garden. No doubt you would like to hear some stories, so pray be seated and we will tell you something of our past. Brother Beetroot, please begin.

(They all sit in a circle.)

BEETROOT (standing in the middle of the circle): Thousands of years ago there were no such things as vegetable gardens. Men, women and children went out into the fields and woods to find food, and there they dug up roots and picked berries. Some of the roots and plants they found were better than others because they made the children grow into big, strong men and women, so people from other countries came long distances to fetch these roots. Then the people began planting the seeds near their own homes so that they would not have to travel far to fetch the roots and plants, which you call vegetables. That is how vegetable gardens began.

POTATO: My family came from South America and we were first brought to Europe by the sailors who discovered the New World.

CARROT: My ancestors came from Hol-



"It is very kind of you to tell us all of this"

land, the country of windmills. At first people thought I was just a weed but they soon found out how valuable I was as a food.

ONION (proudly): My family is probably older than any of yours, for we were known to the ancient Egyptian kings.

CABBAGE (dejectedly): I haven't any family tree. We're so common that everyone claims us for their own, but, though humble, we are very useful.

MARY (putting her arms round his neck): Dear Mr. Cabbage, it doesn't matter about your ancestors; I shall always love you.

JOHN: But why do vegetables have to be eaten?

CARROT: Ah, that is what we want you to understand. A little bird told us today that you and Mary refused to eat your vegetables at lunchtime. (Mary



Chanting, "Less meat, more vegetables, less meat, more vegetables"

and John hang their heads.) Now I will tell you why you must eat vegetables. We form the part of your food which makes your bodies grow. Some of our salts go to make your bones bigger and we supply iron to your blood. Children who eat no vegetables grow pale and puny.

MARY (apologetically): I didn't mean to offend you, but you see, I wasn't hungry at lunchtime.

CARROT: Not hungry? But the little bird told me that he saw you take a large helping of meat. Remember these four words: Less meat, more vegetables.

ALL THE VEGETABLES (chanting): Less meat, more vegetables—less meat, more vegetables. (They take the children's hands and dance round and round.)

JOHN (breathlessly): What fun! Mary, isn't it? I didn't know potatoes could dance, did you?

(Continued on p. 92)

# ON ST. VALENTINE'S EVE

THERE WAS a great bustle and stir among the Hungarian dolls in the Junior Red Cross corner of the Museum. And no wonder, for it was the Eve of St. Valentine and they were going to have a wedding.

As soon as night came and all the humans went away, the preparations began. The Hungarian wedding ceremonies, which usually last three days, were on this occasion to be crowded into one night; so Kalman, the handsome bridegroom, in his hat trimmed with flowers and feathers and his jaunty white coat, embroidered in red, lost no time in sending his best man to the bride's home with his gift of a bag of silver coins.

There all was excitement: pretty Margita was being dressed in white with red and green trimmings and a jeweled crown: she had woven all her clothes herself.

"Come, come!" cried her mother. "Where are the seven handkerchiefs, your gift to Kalman? Hurry! They are even now escorting

*Pretty Margita dressed in white, with red and green trimmings, and a jeweled crown*

your trousseau chest through the place."

"I can hear them singing!" cried Margita's sister. "And here come the matrons and maidens to lead you to the altar."

The ceremony was soon over and then there was great feasting and merriment.

"The czardas! Let's dance the czardas!" cried the guests.

"We have no music," replied Margita sadly, for she, too, loved the national dance.

"I will play for you," said a merry voice, and into their midst danced a beautiful, gaily-dressed Tsigane doll. The guests all applauded, for the Hungarians dearly love the music made by the Tsiganes, whom Americans call Gypsies, but who call themselves Romanies.

Ethel Blair Jordan

"Welcome, sister," said Margita "What is your name?"

"Czinka Panna. I am named for a girl of my race who lived a hundred years ago and made many beautiful songs. I was sent by Hungarian Juniors to their American friends."

"So were we all," Margita told her.

"Look at me!" cried little Miriam. "I am dressed like an American child!" She paraded before Czinka Panna, switching her little belted dress.

The Gypsy laughed and struck up a lilting tune that sent the dancers flying to their places. Round and round they turned and pranced and whirled, bright kaleidoscopes of color. Each guest danced with the bride, made her a gift of a bag of pennies, and was thanked with a kiss.

Flushed and breathless, they stopped at last to rest.

The Gypsy girl again began to play; her music, wild and sweet and mournful,

seemed the very voice of her race. It whispered of the weary centuries they had roamed the earth, coming no one knew whence, going no one knew whither. It wailed of their wanderings up and down the world, always seeking, never finding, they themselves not knowing what they seek, but driven onward by the mysterious quest—restless, homeless, on and on and on.

The other dolls had tears in their eyes, for the Hungarian listens to Gypsy music less with his ears than with his heart. Seeing this, Czinka Panna struck up another merry tune and soon had them laughing again.

"A story!" cried Kalman. "Come, father-in-law, you know many." The white-haired old man smiled and patted his daughter's hand.

"Far beyond the Operenczian Sea," he began, "I found an old petticoat a hundred years old; in the petticoat was a tuck, and in the tuck I found this story."



*Kalman, the handsome bridegroom*



*Into their midst danced a beautiful, gaily dressed Tsigane doll*

"That's a regular fairy-tale beginning," said his daughter.

"But it is a true story," he replied. "You know Hungary is made up of several races—Magyars, Tsiganes, Slovacs, and others—and it used to be under the same government as Austria. But in every nation's need there arises some patriot to help it, and Hungary's leader was Lajos Kossuth. This brave man gave his entire life to the cause of freedom. And it was largely due to his courage and tireless energy that the strange revolution of 1848 took place."

"Why do you call it strange, my father?"

"Because there was no fighting, my child."

"A revolution and no fighting! How could that be?"

"I will tell you, in Kossuth's own words, which he spoke here in this city of Washington in 1852. I used to know that speech by heart, but now I can only remember these fragments:

"The anniversary of our Revolution has not the stain of a single drop of blood. We, the elect of the nation, sat that morning in the legislative hall of old Pressburg, and, without any flood of eloquence, passed our laws in short words, that the people shall be free . . . that equality of duties, equality of rights, shall be the fundamental law; and civil, political, social, and religious liberty shall be the common property of all the people, whatever tongue it may speak, or in whatever church pray . . . Two days before, Austria's brave people in Vienna had broken its yoke . . . and the rulers . . . wrote with yard-long letters

the words "Constitution" and "Free Press" upon Vienna's walls . . . The announcement was swiftly carried, . . . down to old Buda and young Pesth, and while we, in the House of Representatives, passed the laws of justice and freedom, the people of Pesth rose in peaceful but majestic manifestation, declaring that the people should be free. At this manifestation, all the barriers raised by violence against the laws, fell of themselves. Not a drop of blood was shed . . . the windows were illumi-

nated and bonfires burnt . . . and there was rejoicing throughout the land.' It was a wonderful demonstration, my children, of the power of upright and courageous thought."

"It should encourage the Junior Red Cross and all others who are trying by kindness and right thinking to unite all nations in a common brotherhood," said a little old man in spectacles.

"After all we are much the same the world over," remarked a ragged old woman who looked a thousand years old—and wise. "Take this St. Valentine's Day; it's much the same as our St. Stephen's Day, even to choosing sweethearts and exchanging presents. And, so far as I can see, the lads cast sheep's eyes just as openly in America as in Hungary!"

She glanced slyly at Ladislaus, the best man, who had been gazing admiringly at Margita's sister. The young man blushed but joined in the good-natured laughter.

"But don't forget, my friends," the old father said when the laughter had subsided, "that even if we are only dolls, we are a message of good-will from Hungarian children to American boys and girls, and so we form another link in the chain of world friendships."



"I am dressed like an American child"



"But it is a true story," he replied



Even if we are dolls we are a message of goodwill from Hungarian children to American children

# THE FIRST PORTFOLIO FROM DANZIG



*A Silhouette from the Danzig Portfolio*

*Dear Comrades:*

**WE WILL** tell you something about the Free City of Danzig's legal and political status.

The Free City of Danzig was created on the 15th of November, 1920, according to Article 102 of the Treaty of Versailles. It is a Sovereign and Independent City and State and also an Independent Member in Peace and War and is under the protection of the League of Nations. No Foreign Power is permitted to maintain troops within the Free City of Danzig. Her constitution is guaranteed by the League of Nations.

The constitution of the Free City, which was proclaimed in its final form on the 12th of July, 1922, provides as Legislative body: The Senate and the Volkstag, through whose unanimous decision laws are made.

The Volkstag is the Parliament of the Free City and it consists of 120 members, who are elected by the whole population over 20 years of age, in general, by equal, direct and secret voting, on the principle of proportion, for a period of 4 years.

The Senate consists of 22 members elected by the Volkstag. The President and 7 of these are Chief Senators and they form the Ministry and are elected for a period of 4 years. The Vice President and the remaining members are also Senators in a secondary

## **Danzig**

capacity, and they are elected for indefinite periods. The Senate does not only work in co-operation with the Volkstag in the government of the Free City. It divides the policy of the State and is responsible to the Volkstag for the same. The members of the Senate acting in a secondary capacity must enjoy the confidence of the Volkstag and are responsible to that body for the conduct of their officers. In case such a member should lose the confidence by an expressed resolution of the House, he must resign his office. A Senator who has offended the Constitution or its laws may be proceeded against for the same, at the instigation of the House itself. The Supreme Court of the City must try such a case.

The Senate is a collegiate Authority; its decisions are arrived at by a majority vote. For the execution of current affairs, Departments are formed by the Senate, each separate department being under a Senator. The Senate is also a municipality of Danzig which is an independent community with its own property within the Free City. Its own Authority which divides in municipal affairs of the Free City of Danzig, the Constitution has provided that the members shall be elected from the members of the Volkstag, and citizens: a citizens' corporation.

In the next letter we will tell you more about the City of Danzig, if you like it.

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1925, by American Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if unknown, to Red Cross Division Headquarters. If both the Chapter School Committee and the Division Headquarters are unknown, subscriptions should be sent direct to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

VOL. 6 FEBRUARY, 1925 No. 6

## National Officers of the American Red Cross

CALVIN COOLIDGE..... President  
WILLIAM H. TAFT..... Vice-President  
ROBERT W. DE FOREST..... Vice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNE..... Chairman Central Committee  
JAMES M. BECK..... Counselor  
ELIOT WADSWORTH..... Treasurer  
MABEL T. BOARDMAN..... Secretary  
JAMES L. FISER..... Vice-Chairman  
ERNEST P. BICKNELL..... Vice-Chairman  
ARTHUR WILLIAM DUNN..... National Director, Junior Red Cross

C. C. CERTAIN

Director of Junior Red Cross Publications

## EDITORIAL

### LIFE SAVING AN ALL YEAR RESPONSIBILITY

A BOY or a girl who knows life saving can use that knowledge winter or summer. A boy who can swim can splash out of a half frozen pond in December if he could do it in May or August, and the knowledge and ability take up no room, nor are they heavy to carry around.

A life buoy that is handy at the boat landing or swimming dock in summer is just as useful in skating time, should a person break through thin ice into a frigid pond; and the medicine chest with its aromatic ammonia for a faint on a hot day is just as useful in winter to stimulate a half frozen victim of submersion in ice water.

Life savers are not for warm weather service only, but their sphere of usefulness is anywhere there is water to drown in, even if the water is under the ice. Their season and their responsibility extend over every month in the year, for skating, canoeing, boating, and bathing are all sports where life-saving ability may be needed.

Likewise the first-aiders may be called upon to use their knowledge at any time of year and under almost every sort of condition. First aid is the same problem wherever it is used and regardless of time or season. It is what you do before the doctor comes.

Whether the knowledge of resuscitation for the victim of suffocation is acquired in a life-saving course, or in a first aid course, the prone pressure method will be equally useful, for a person drowning, whether in warm water or water ice cold; but it must be applied promptly to be effective, for a drowning person is really suffering from gas poisoning and not from heat or cold.

So the treatment for suffocation by gas and smothering by water or smoke, or from the paralyzing effect of an electric shock, is the same, and a student life saver or first aider of the Junior Red Cross must be ready the year round—everywhere, to carry on resuscitation efficiently whenever the need arises.

### POSING FOR HIS SHADOW PICTURE



Gilliam's Service

THE photograph of the dog's shadow reminds us of the ground-hog story familiar to every one in this country. Curiously enough many persons know this story better than they do the story of the Weather Bureau, and understand its predictions better than they do the forecasts of the Bureau. Yet the Bureau has an interesting history, which makes a good story. Benjamin Franklin was one of the first Americans to invent ways of telling in advance what later weather conditions might be. There have been, of course, many improvements in methods of making weather forecasts since his day, but the basic principle remains much the same. Franklin had records made of weather conditions in neighboring towns at a given time, observed the direction of winds, or changes in temperature, and based predictions upon these or other similar observations. Although it has been 134 years since Franklin died, and the Weather Bureau has stations throughout the country and publishes predictions daily in newspapers and special bulletins, the ground-hog still is popular as a weather prophet and makes his predictions concerning spring on a day in February, when he poses for his shadow.

# THE JUNIOR RED CROSS IN SYRIA

A few days ago a portfolio came to national headquarters from Sidon, Syria. It brought many good things, like a real caravan from the East, and some of these, letters and pictures, are published on these pages for American Juniors to enjoy.

## *The People of Syria*

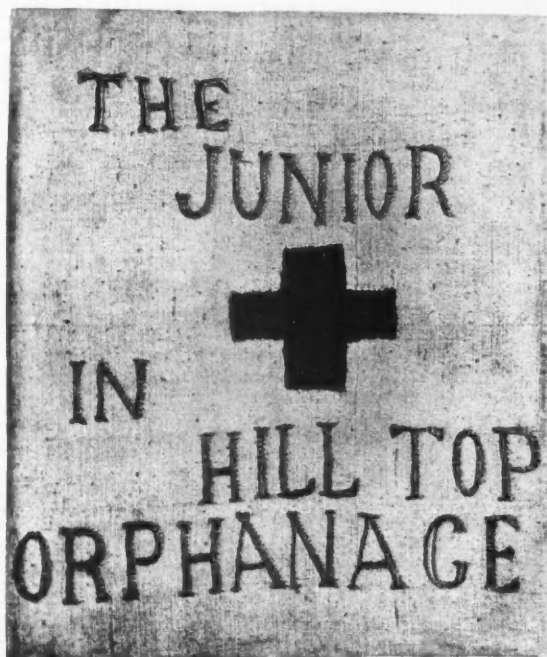
ALL OF the people in Syria are noted for their hospitality and their love for their children. The poorest peasant carrying home his products at nightfall will greet you and beg you to share his blessings with even a stranger. As a people they are not united or patriotic. They have been governed so many generations by European and foreign rule that the majority of people pay very little attention to their rule, excepting at a time when the taxes seem high.

The most beautiful sentiment portrayed in Syria is the love for children. Fathers take their babies to work and to shops with them, caressing them in their leisure hours. A man may beat his donkey, but his child he never touches.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the people in Syria are the Bedouin Arabs. They live in goat's hair tents, scantily furnished. Their simple food consists largely of milk and bread. They feast on goat's meat. All are followers of Islam and follow the teachings of the Koran. Their rulers are sheiks who are often very brave. They are nomads and live in the spring in the hills where they work at agriculture, and then at harvest times one sees hundreds of these black tents about the fields which warns one that the harvest is on and threshing time has come. They have a large number of goats which they drive with them from place to place and often have beautiful, large camels. Some of the old Bedouin families are very rich, but one thinks them very poverty stricken as their surroundings are so primitive.

## *Cocoons of the Silk Worm*

ONE of the most important industries in Syria is silkworm culture. One sees mulberry trees in almost every village. Damour, half way between Sidon and Beirut on the Damour River, is one of the most noted villages in the Lebanons. Three large factories furnish work to many of the peasants and refugees. Damascus, Aleppo, Hama, Hama, and Beirut are also important silk centers.



*Portfolio cover made from cloth spun by an orphan boy in Lebanon*

The silk worms are frequently imported from Europe. In April the eggs begin to hatch. The young worms are provided with tender shoots of the mulberry tree which are the food of the worm. After a certain period the little worms begin to spin their cocoons.

The worms are kept on shelves where the leaves are placed, on the branches of the tree. The shelves are made of straw mats. They can be moved out whenever the twigs are put in fresh.

The cocoons are white and about the size of a large date. They are spun on twigs. As soon as the cocoons are large enough they are sorted and sent to the mill. The very largest and strongest are taken for the next year's culture. They are put in a cool room which has been darkened. Here they live until winter. The unmolested worm will eat its way out of the cocoon, and if it is a female, dies immediately after laying its egg. The cocoons taken to the mill are placed in boiling water which kills the worm instantly and



*The most beautiful sentiment in Syria is the love for children*

softens the cover of the cocoons. This makes much easier the process of unwinding the silk. The odor of this process is very objectionable, and one often notices it as one drives through cities where silk is spun. Great care is practised in the unwinding of the silk so as not to break the fine thread.

The natural color of the silk is that of fine spun gold. It is spun into great skeins in the mills and is then ready for shipment to France where much is dyed into the beautiful French silk.

A very small percentage of the silk raised in this country is actually spun and woven into cloth in this country. Damascus produces the finest of all silks. There it is made into scarfs, native hangings, kimonas, and materials in beautiful colors. It is said that the silk in Syria takes the most exquisite colors of all silks in the world. The native silks are very important, as the majority of natives wear some part of their dress of silk made in this country.

#### *Syrian Beasts of Burden*

NOWHERE in the Orient does one see more beautiful horses than are raised in the Houran. Hundreds of valuable horses are bred there. A good horse is sold for a thousand dollars and is frequently owned in part by five or six persons. Camels are raised by the Bedouins in the Bakha, a valley between the Lebanons and Anti Lebanons. Hundreds of camels are used in the wheat regions to transport the wheat to the ports. One may count over 100 in a single train coming into Sidon with wheat. The donkey and the camel are the most useful animals in this country, as all of the products raised up in the villages can only be transported by means of camel back or donkey back. There are scarcely any railways in Syria and, because of the mountains, roads are nearly impossible so that much of the traveling is done on foot.

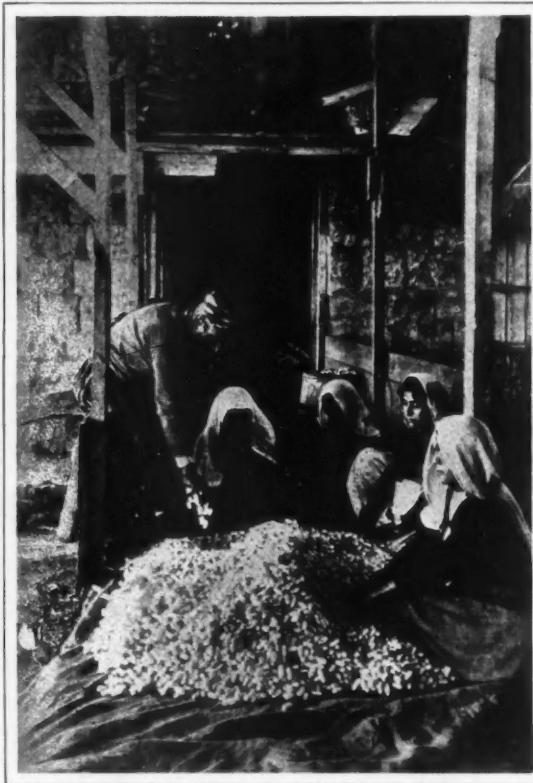
#### *Olives*

THE FOURTH largest olive grove in the world is said to be on the outskirts of Beirut. Tripoli, Sidon, Diermias, Ible, and some of the Lebanon villages are noted for olives. Every other year produces the

most olives. Some are picked green for olive pickles, but most are allowed to ripen and are then used for both oil and food. Soup is made from the crude oil extracted. The olives are put between two heavy round and flat stones, and the stones are turned by a donkey. Underneath is a tank where the oil flows into. The olives for food are simply put into salt and water. They are pricked or crushed before they are put in. Olives form one of the important foods of the country.

#### *Fruits*

ORANGES and figs are delicious in this country. Syrian oranges are noted all over the world for their sweetness of flavor and size. They are made into marmalade at the Hilltop Orphanage in Sidon and sold in Palestine and other places. Grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, and dates are also raised. Figs are dried and sold in the markets all the year. These are one of the important products of Syria and a common food in the Syrian homes.



*The cocoons are white and about the size of a large date*

#### **Midnight in the Garden**

*(Continued from p. 86)*

MARY: Thank you, Mr. Carrot, it is very kind of you to tell us all this. I shall not refuse vegetables any more.

JOHN: Nor I. I shall always think of tonight when I see the vegetable dish coming round.

CARROT: Now, Beetroot and Potato will escort you back to your beds, for children should sleep long hours if they want to be healthy and strong.

MARY: Oh, dear! I wish we could sleep down here among the vegetables.

JOHN: But think what a nurse would say when she found our beds empty in the morning!

BEETROOT (firmly): Come along, children; we must

hurry back for I hear the clock striking midnight.

POTATO: Gently, gently, don't make a noise or those wicked little sparrows will hear us. (Exit Beetroot and Potato leading the children.)

CARROT (calling after them): Be sure to tuck them safely in their beds and see that their window is wide open.

CURTAIN.

# PLAYING GAMES WITH JUNIORS

## "QUOIT"

By a Pupil at the Royal Commercial Institute  
Florence, Italy

I HAVE READ your letter about the game of baseball with great pleasure, and it has interested me very much. Baseball, which is of American origin, is a game that requires a great deal of agility, so that it is very fine and enjoyable. Here in Italy, during the coming football season, baseball is to be played for the first time by two Italian teams, Genoa and Milan, at Milan.

This new game will be welcomed by Italian sportsmen, and it will, no doubt, soon become very popular.

I hope you will not imagine that I am not an admirer of modern games if, in reply to your very interesting letter, I take as my subject one of high antiquity and classic origin, namely: throwing discus or quoit.

This game among the antique sports had more honors than the others. The Greeks, who did not remember when and from whom they had learned it for the first time, attributed to it holy origin and they thought it had been invented by Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danae, who in a trial of skill at Larissa accidentally, in throwing a quoit, killed his grandfather, Acrisius, who was present at the trial.

By observing the statue of a Quoit Player (*Discobolus*) we can see all the play of the game. The Greek discus was shaped like a round shield, and was very heavy, one in the British Museum weighs more than 5 kilograms, corresponding to about eleven pounds. The size of the quoit was proportionate to the youth's strength, but at the contests of the sacred games, both size and weight were uniform. The game consisted in throwing the quoit as far as possible, not at a fixed mark, as in your modern game, though skill as well as strength entered into the contest. About the beginning of this century the ancient game was revived in Europe, but in the last few years the American way of playing the game has begun to take its place.

But even if the game itself should die out altogether, its influence over art will still survive in Myron's masterpiece, fresh in perennial youth, when the pastimes of today have sunk into oblivion.

## OUR SUMMER AND WINTER SPORTS

Spirit Lake Junior High School  
Spirit Lake, Iowa

EVERY ONE in the United States is fond of outdoor sports during summer and winter. Baseball is a very popular summer game. During a baseball game people in the grandstand repeatedly cheer and wave their hats, but when a player crosses the home plate and makes a point, the cheering is loudest.



*Discobolus—By Myron, Greek Sculptor, 5th Century B. C.*

Every one loves to go boating, and on a hot, summer day the shores of the lake are dotted with boats. Swimming and fishing are two more American water sports. Every day people are seen fishing and swimming, but on one certain day, "Fish Day," every one goes fishing, each trying to catch the prize string of fish.

During winter most of our outdoor sports are played on the ice. Hockey is played on skates with a club. The players are supposed to make the puck, a rubber ball, go through an opening, which is guarded by another player. Ice skating is hard at first, but when you once learn it, is great fun. An ice boat is like a sail boat, but instead of a boat it has runners. In a good breeze it will go very fast and is sometimes very dangerous, but it is fun to go skimming over the ice. Sleds and toboggans are used for sliding, and almost every boy in the United States has a sled if he lives where there are frost and snow.

# THE JUNIOR MAIL BAG

Alice Ingersoll Thornton

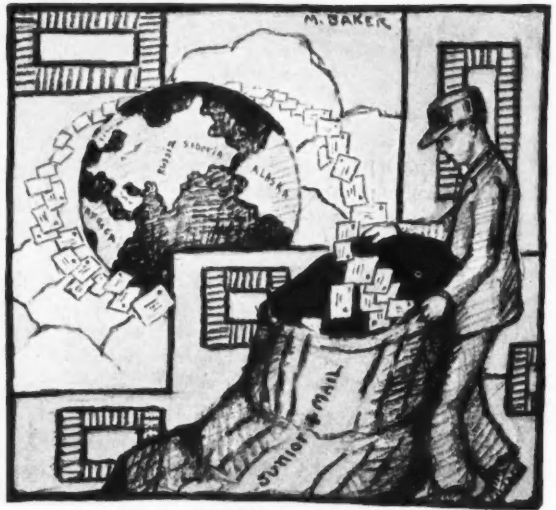
## *South Africa*

THE Merrills School, New Hartford, Connecticut, has recently received correspondence from the Van Der Hoven Primary School, Sinksa Bridge, George, South Africa, which contained much interesting information concerning that country. Like our own Indians, the Igorotes in the Philippines, and the Eskimos in Alaska, these native Dutch children are struggling with the English language in their public schools, but seemingly have little trouble in telling us many interesting things. That their seasons are exactly opposite to ours is evidenced by their letter of September 14.

"We are now busy planting sweet potatoes and mealies. The people here shear their sheep at the end of September, although some people shear them in October. The swallows are now here, but in winter they go away to other warm countries. Now the corn, barley, and oats are high and green. Nearly all the people here are farmers. The George District has a maritime climate in the summer, which is not so hot, and in the winter not so cold. We are five miles away from the sea. The annual rainfall is about thirty-two inches and comes at any time of year. At the beginning of the year 1924 we had a long drought, which lasted for several months. South Africa has a step-like formation. The rivers are very steep. The prettiest river is the Zambesi, because the beautiful Victoria Falls are in it. The Government, together with the people, undertook to build large dams to store the water for the dry seasons of the year. South Africa is not a manufacturing country, but it is rich in minerals, such as gold, copper, diamonds, and coal. In the Udtshoorn District there are many ostrich farms. In the George District we have much lumbering. The greatest drawbacks in South Africa are the locust plagues and the drought. The Government made great plans to destroy the locusts, but have not succeeded. The locusts come from the Kalahavi Desert. It is a large desert and there the locusts lay their eggs and as soon as the rain comes they hatch out and come over into our country. They have recently started growing cotton in South Africa and we hope it will be a success. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State are famous for the growing of maize and for sheep farming. In Natal, sugar-cane is grown, as well as pineapples and bananas. In the beginning of this year we had a picnic. We went by two ox wagons. We had left the school in the morning and came back in the afternoon. We had a very nice time and we picked many flowers. We hope you will give us information about your country and district.

"We remain faithfully your friends,

"VAN DER HOVEN PRIMARY SCHOOL."



*World Correspondence*

## *Wyoming*

WE HAVE received a portfolio today which is also worthy of special notice. It has been carefully prepared and contains ten compositions, well illustrated by photographs from magazines. The subjects are: "Our National Capital," "Our Flag," "Our State," "Wyoming Bob Cats," "The Custer Battlefield," "Buffalos," "Devils' Tower," "The Sheep Herder," "Our School," "Our Games," "Our Holidays."

"But," you will say, "this sounds very much like any one of the excellent portfolios which go through your office every day. Why do you consider it worthy of special mention?" I will tell you. This portfolio was prepared by a school seventeen miles from Gillette, Wyoming, which contains but two pupils—a little girl and her brother! In her own words: "My brother is in the Seventh Grade; I am in the Sixth Grade."

Of course, one would expect so enterprising a school to grow rapidly, and sure enough, in the last pages of this portfolio is an item to the effect that there has been a one-hundred-per-cent increase in the enrollment, as another little brother and sister have been added to their roll. Three cheers for our Juniors in Wyoming!

## *Toledo, Ohio*

THE League of Red Cross Societies has received the following letter from "La Nouvelle Education," in France:

"Would you permit me to publish in our bulletin extracts from the remarkable correspondence from Toledo, Ohio, which appeared in your Information Circular No. 18, page 21? This correspondence is the proof of a teacher so intelligent that I would love to give it as an example to our members by publishing it in part in one of our bulletins.

(Signed)

"M. GUERITTE."

# SWIM FOR HEALTH, SAFETY, AND FUN

Commodore W. E. Longfellow

AMERICA has a climate which permits out-door swimming in some section or other all the year around. To be sure, at this time of the year ice skating is popular in some places, but swimming is just as popular in Hawaii, southern California, along the Gulf Coast, and on the lower peninsula of Florida, not to mention the islands of the West Indies, the Canal Zone, and the Philippines, where Red Cross Junior members are to be found.

Even where the ice has bound the rivers and ponds and lakes in ice-like ponds there are steam-heated indoor swimming pools where this wonderful health-giving sport can be carried on with comfort and ease. Because of these possibilities, the Red Cross is recommending the Juniors everywhere keep up their interest in becoming swimmers and make a special effort to improve during the whole year.

The effort to improve need not be confined to those groups which have all-year swimming facilities, however, because there is much to be learned that can be taught Juniors without their being actually in the water. The "Big Idea" of *swimming* is an important phase of swimming instruction. The theory of it can be taught in classrooms and some of the mechanics of it by land drills and as calisthenics.

The art of propelling a human body rapidly through the water has been developed parallel to the progress in building speedy motor boats capable of going about half a mile a minute, and it is interesting to note the parallels. The faster the old motor boat went the further its stern dragged down in the water. The builders moved the engine into the bow of the boat and cut away the stern in successive steps, thus developing the modern hydroplane or speed boat.

The human hydroplane, or speed swimmer, had the same difficulties in overcoming the drag of his feet in the water. But he did overcome these by putting the head lower in the water, using the arms more, and reducing the amount of spread of the legs which lay in the water parallel to the surface rather than at an angle of 45 degrees. Instruction of this sort can be given on the land, so can the breathing.

Lectures, essays, newspaper clippings, and magazine



*Outrigger canoe for Hawaii surf boat*

articles on swimming can all be collected into the library to help prepare for the out-door season. Poster contests can be held to prepare for the publicity campaign that will open the out-door season.

A plan for scoring the progress, which schools carrying on the Junior Red Cross program make in swimming advancement, has been worked out and is contained in a pamphlet which is available under the title "Swimming for Health, Safety, and Fun." According to this plan, schools may win banners and cause a great deal of satisfaction by promoting the campaign to bring about swimming progress, graduating *sink-easies* into the beginners' class, *beginners* into swimmers, and *swimmers* into *junior lifesavers*. The progress of the *sink-easies* and beginners counts for the school total, just as the advancement of the swimmers to the lifesavers adds to the glory and honor of the school and the health and safety of the community.

For schools which have no indoor swimming pools, provision is made to carry on the program when the outdoor swimming season opens, using the park or playground pools, river or lake bathing beaches, or any version of the "old swimming hole" which is available.

Swimming is a part of the birthright of every healthy, young American, and the Junior Red Cross is doing its part to see that every American is a swimmer and a lifesaver. But

let us start with this definition of swimming: "The best kind of all-round water expert that I can become." With this ambition every Junior can have a big part in the task and privilege of making and keeping America foremost as a swimming nation.



*Volley ball can be played in water as well as on land*



*One of the many millions who hail the wintry snowfall*

Pacific and Atlantic Photos

